# The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

A Long Time Ago

Once upon a time and a long time ago it was springtime. All the little croucus poked their little buds up out of the ground and you went out in the slush quite happily without your rubbers. Everywhere people were talking hats and digging in the backyard, while a careful relative called facts from the window about cold and inducate. By the way, one wonders if it can be spring in England, since the latest news budget from the other side has the dowager queen in bed with influenza? Though queens seldom dig in backyards, it's always an Italian garden with a pergola and fountainfull of goldfish and attendant gardeners and two or three second best gardners. I don't suppose she ever lost the trowel or sat on a flower pot and counted the procession of fishing worms, though I believe she does churn, and very nicely, too.

Dut it was such a long time ago since the last spring and you talked

For the Middle-Aged Woman

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New Gowns

The dressmakers who have thecked New York, London, Berlin, Vienna, St. l'etersburg, and South America, had their first view of the coming spring fashions recently, when they were adin the Rue de la Paix, the Boulevard Balesherbes, and the Boulevard Hauss.

a new material known as silk creps, and another new material resembling Irish poplin. Other "tailor-mades", are in three colors trimmed with very claborate embro-cries in spiral lines.